

FREE  
ERASER

REDMAN

I LOVE TO READ

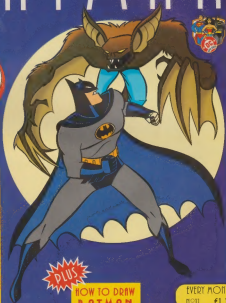
WITH PULL-OUT  
WORKBOOK

# BATMAN

INSIDE



THE ATOM



YOUR



BAT-SIGNAL  
ERASER



HOW TO DRAW  
BATMAN

EVERY MONTH  
ONLY £1.15

Warning: Cover not suitable  
for children under 3 years.



ACTION



STORIES



ADVENTURE



119



Night falls across  
Gotham City...

WAYNE INDUSTRIES  
BIO-CHEMICAL  
RESEARCH

YOU STILL  
HERE, DOG?



NEARLY  
FINISHED, BEHNE.  
JUST A FEW MORE  
TESTS TO DO.

YOU'RE  
WORKING TOO HARD,  
DOG! IT'S NOT GOOD  
FOR YOUR  
HEALTH.

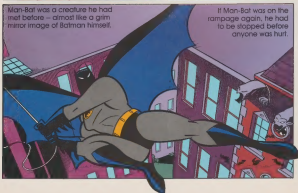
The night watchman was right.  
Working late can be very bad  
for your health indeed!

**CURSE OF THE BAT**



WHAT  
ON - ?

KREESSHHH!



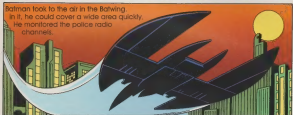
Man-Bat may have looked like a monster but he was not evil. Scientist Kirk Langstrom first became the Man-Bat after taking an experimental serum. The serum transformed Langstrom...



...into a mindless beast with huge flapping wings. With Batman's help, Langstrom found an antidote. But there was always a danger he would relapse and become the Man-Bat again.



Batman took to the air in the Batwing. In it, he could cover a wide area quickly. He monitored the police radio channels.

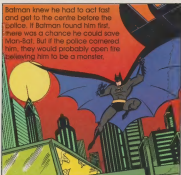


Just after midnight, he heard something...

...SOME KIND OF  
FLYING MONSTER...  
IT'S ATTACKING THE  
MEDICAL CENTRE!



Batman knew he had to act fast and get to the centre before the police. If Batman found him first, there was a chance he could save Man-Bat. But if the police cornered him, they would probably open fire believing him to be a monster.





Batman was surprised to hear his name. As Man-Bat, Langstrom became completely animal-like and couldn't speak. In halting words, the thing that had been Kirk Langstrom began to explain.



I SUFFERED A  
RELAPSE, BUT IT WAS  
NOT TOTAL. LANGSTROM'S  
MIND... IS STILL IN  
CONTROL!

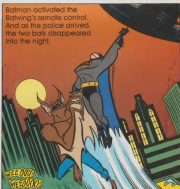
I NEEDED TO  
GET CERTAIN  
CHEMICALS TO  
HELP ME MAKE  
THE ANTIDOTE  
BEFORE I LOSE  
CONTROL!



Now Batman understood why Man-Bat had raided the lab and medical centre.



Batman activated the Batwing's remote control. And as the police arrived, the two bats disappeared into the night.





# THE BIG STORY

Another boring day in Ivy Town...or is it?  
Bud Smith, reporter,  
will soon find out...

Newspaper reporter Bud Smith sipped his coffee and gazed out the window of the Cup n' Cake Diner. Outside, on the main street of Ivy Town, daily life bustled on. It was an ordinary day. An ordinary boring day. Bud sighed. He hadn't scooped a good story in months, and he knew the editor of the newspaper he worked for was getting tired of the thin stuff he kept turning in. All Bud wanted was one big story, full of drama and excitement, a matter of life and death, something to really make that smug editor sit up and listen. Bud sighed again. Outside the window, the day continued to be ordinary. There wasn't a big story in sight.

\*

*Life or death!* Ray Palmer gritted his teeth and clung on to the edge of the cliff. Far below, a dirty river surged along at the bottom of the canyon. The giant mechanical ant, a monster the size of an automobile, swung round again to attack him. Ray knew it was going to try and push him off the canyon's edge. He had fallen in to this dangerous position to avoid the ant's chopping mandibles, the big cutting jaws on it's head.



But Ray was not done for yet. He was used to danger. Ray was the Atom. The super-small super hero of Ivy Town. Using the power of a white dwarf star, the Atom could shrink to any size.

The Atom was barely a millimetre tall at that moment, and the canyon he was dangling over was the kerbstone and the drain on a corner of the main street of Ivy Town.

The ant's jaws crashed in again, chipping fragments off the lip of the kerb.

"This is not good," the Atom thought. He shrank again, zipping down to sub-atomic size so that he could slip into a micro-fracture in the kerbstone. The ant hesitated, unable to enter the tiny crack. Crouched in the microscopic hole, the Atom could hear the relays and servos click and whirl in his now gigantic foe.

The attacking ant was a robot, part of an army of artificial insects controlled by the Atom's arch enemy...*The Sting!*

The Atom looked up out of the crevice and saw the ant leaning down over him. He watched in horror as spray nozzles extended from under the ant's jaws. It was about to spray acid...acid that could eat through the kerbstone...and him!

There was no choice. With a mighty effort, the Atom leapt up out of the kerbstone crevice and fell down into the gaping canyon below.

The waitress refilled Bud's coffee cup. She smiled at him. "Try and cheer up, Bud," she said. "I've never seen you look so down."

Bud tried to smile, but his heart wasn't in it. He gazed out of the window again, and looked at the gutter outside.

"That's where my career is," he thought to himself.

The Atom was falling towards the water below. The Sting, that miniaturised menace, had unleashed his latest, fiendish plan that morning. He was using robotic termites to dig into the basement of the City Hall, where specially designed leaf cutter ant robots would hack into the city's computer database. Such access would give the Sting power to empty the city's bank vaults, divert all public funds to his own secret accounts...even elect himself Mayor!

The Atom had been on the Sting's tail, and had caught up with him that morning as his plan got underway. The Atom alone could save the city. But only if he survived to warn the authorities – which didn't seem likely, since at that moment he was falling into a gutter that to him was the size of the Grand Canyon!







In the diner, Bud put down his coffee, barely touched. He picked up his dictaphone from the table, wound the tape back and listened to it, hoping that, by some miracle, there was a great scoop on the tape. *"This is Bud."* came the voice from the tape. *"Message to myself. Remember to find a good scoop."* Bud sighed.

\*

The Atom spread out his limbs to slow his descent, and controlled his fall like a sky diver. He had a plan, but he would have to time it perfectly.

The robot bees that the Sting had sent to follow the Atom into the gutter were passing right below him. Like a trick rider at a circus, the Atom landed astride one of them. He had enlarged back to a height of about two millimetres, perfect for a little bee riding. The robot bee tried to shake off its unwanted passenger, but the Atom clung on and used his great strength to guide the bee by yanking on its antennae.

The bee swooped up out of the gutter ravine and banked hard to avoid the cliff face of a mailbox that loomed in front of it.

"I did it!" thought the Atom, as he flew off down the streets, dodging round the obstacle course of huge human figures.

But there was a buzzing behind him. Turning, he saw the Sting bearing down on him riding a massive hornet. Four other hornets flew in formation.

"I got you now, Atom!" cried the Sting.

\*

Bad didn't feel like finishing his coffee. He decided it was time to go. A big story wasn't just going to drop in front of him. Maybe he ought to take a trip to the big city, he thought. Go looking for a story. There certainly wasn't anything big happening in Ivy Town.

\*

The hornets fired their rockets.

The Atom tried to keep his bee out of their path, but one struck home, destroying the bee's control systems. Sputtering smoke, the bee went into a dive. The Atom tried to steer it. He needed a place to crash land. The vast doorway of the Cup 'n' Cake diner yawned before him.

"Oh, well. Beggars can't be choosers!" he thought.

On fire, the bee dived in through the door. As it shot over one of the table tops, the Atom leapt, tearing one of the robot's wing panels off as he did. He used the wing to paraglide on to the vast, shiny table top. Behind him, the bee crashed into an empty chair and exploded.

The Atom looked up to see the Sting and his hornet squadron coming in to land around him on the table. He was trapped.

+

"Hey!" thought Bud, snapping out of his day dream. There were lots of bugs buzzing around his table.

Then something seriously weird happened. Some invisible force overturned his coffee cup, spilling coffee out across the table top. Then his dictaphone slid across the table, the back panel flew off, and the batteries popped out into the liquid.

"What on Earth is happening?" Bud stammered.

•

The hornets, in the lake of coffee were electrocuted into useless slag as soon as the live batteries made contact. The Sting slumped, stunned and helpless.



The Atom zoomed up to full size and clamped the now empty coffee cup down over the tiny Sting, trapping him. The man at the table gazed at the smiling Atom in utter astonishment.

"The Atom?! What's going on here?!" Bud Smith gabbled.

"Sorry I spilled your coffee," said the Atom. "But I assure you it was for a good cause. I just saved the city right under your nose. I hope I didn't ruin your day."

"Ruin my day?" cried Bud. A vision of his editor's open-mouthed stare floated across his mind. "You say you saved the city?"

"That's right," smiled the Atom.

"You didn't ruin my day at all, Pal. You've made it!" cried Bud fumbling across the table for his dictaphone. "Can I get an exclusive on the story?"